



You flane, my Friends! and well you say,
You don't see Churches every Day
Built without Timber, Stone, or Lime,
From Top to Bottom, all with Rhime.
Like Argument, Word after Word,
And neither Axe nor Hammer heard.

I
Try,
& mean
To gain

Custom had nothing here to do,
The Method is entirely new—
This lofty Steeple was quite done,
Before the Tower was begun,
And when the bottom Course was laid,
The whole was built and Charges paid.

One more friend,

That will spend

His MONEY free,

And deal with me:

Fancy form'd the Scheme,

And I chiefly aim

At this to make my Verse,

Sink deep into your Purse;

If your GUINEAS Face to Face,

• Fretting are, for want of Space,
In Pity set the Pris'ners free,

And leave a few of them with me.

Yellow-boys properly suit my wants;

If your's are all white Inhabitants,

Half-crowns or Shillings — Sixpences will do;

Indeed I long to finger one or two.

If your's are but Half-pence, I. CRANE, at the Top,
Sits there — and invites you to come to his Shop.

Since the Envy of Foes, and the Favours of Friends,
Are most luckily blended to answer my Ends.

Thank you, my Friends, for the burrying Times I have seen.
And you my Foes too, for all the spare Minutes between.

When Good-will leads you to my Shop, then I will use you well,

My GOODS I wish you all to want—because—I want to sell.



TO pay your visits, Friends, be free,
I sit To-day for Company;
Look up, my Windows are in Trim,
In every Pane behold a Whim;
These Traps are set to catch your Eyes,
Like Cobwebs to entangle Flies.
Best Watches, Trinkets, Chains and Strings,
And charming Choice of Wedding Rings,
Made verily with lucky Gold,
To keep hot Love from waxing cold;
Come buy a Ring and live mouth-meet,
A single Life's not half so sweet;
Boot-hooks, Ink-stands, Clocks and Cafes,
Bras Collars, Locks, and Compasses.
Bows, Bridges, Violins, and Strings,
Screws, Hautboys, Reeds with silver Rings.
Bells set to Music, fold in Sets,
Corals, Jews' Harps, and Clarionets.
Books of Instruction, Songs and Tunes,
Fifes, Rattles, Whistles, Flutes, Balloons,
And, Larums, these are often still,
They rouse you only when you will—
(The Movement hardest to be made,
Is rising early out of Bed.)
Lead-pencils, Slate, and Camel Hair,
Nutmicks, be wise and buy a Pair:
That Person earns a Kernel well,
Who breaks his Teeth to crack the Shell.
Good Money Balances, and Slates;
And well adjusted Scales and Weights;
Often adjust your own Affairs,
The Beam may kick up unawares—
Large Families, when Loaves are small,
Can swallow Profit, Stock and all;
Large Joints of Meat wear to the Bone,
Tapt Barrels soon begin to groan;
Pale Messengers within the Cup,
Give Notice of the farewell Sup.
Combs, Shuttlecocks, and Battledores,
Fleams, polish'd Steel and Plated Spurs.
A Man looks mean that rides without,
'Tis one continued thralling Bout.
Razors, as Sharp as ever shav'd;
Smart Cyphers, worthy Names engrav'd;
Hair-brushes, Totums, Cribbage Boards,
Stout Catgut, Clock and Larum Cords;
(Hempen Cords I never sell—
I love my Customers too well.)

Tooth-picks, Brushes, Bodkins, Tweezers,
Snuffers, Snuffer-pans, and Scissors.
This is the Shop where learned Men
Procure the well-made Silver Pen:
Poor Geese, they suffer many ills,
A Writer robs them of their Quills;
Dear Friends leave off this cruel Trade,
My Silver Pens are ready made.
Etwees, Morocco Pocket Books;
White-chapel Needles, Fishing-hooks;
Rare Tackle, Anglers, to your Wish,
Cranes know the Knack of catching Fish.
Seals, Magnets, Wafers, Sealing-Wax,
Umbrellas, Hat-pins, Almanacks;
He wins the Name for selling Cheap
Who loads you with the largest Heap.
Marvellous Glafs that Multiplies,
And Spectacles to save the Eyes;
Concave or convex, mounted well
With Silver, Gold, or Tortoise-shell.
Sugar Knippers, Pencil Cases,
Microscopes, and Prospect Glafes;
Through these at distant Worlds we gaze,
And Fancy lost in wild Amaze,
Pauses, and with profound Respect
Adores the wond'rous Architect.
Childrens fine Bone and Ivory Toys;
Buckles of every Sort and Size,
With Silver, some are Plated stout,
And some no better than without;
Prayer Books, alas! when will they go,
No Article sells half so slow;
Inkhorns, and Screws to draw your Corks,
Cafe Knives, and Carving Knives and Forks,
From common to the very best,
All fit for Action at a Feast;
This Counsel swallow with your Meat,
Do earn it, Friend, before you eat.
The love of Work makes no Man stir,
Self-Interest is the Golden Spur;
Tongs well repair'd, and Teeth sold here;
Bottle-stands, Labels, Horns for Beer:
A smiling Tap makes Custom come,
Like Soldiers to the beat of Drum.
Steel Rings, or Swivels, which you please,
Of various Sorts to guard the Keys;
Honesty has three Bras Pillars,
Lawyers, Watch-makers, and Millers;

Best Printing Ink, and Letter Frame
For marking Linen, with your Name;
Mark what you would with Safety use,
Leave unmark'd what you wish to lose.
Suction-horns, well known by Nurses;
Brazen Guineas, empty Purses;
Man's Spirit daily ebbs and flows,
Just as his Money comes and goes.
Rules, Tunbridge-ware, Watch-paper Prints,
Gun-chargers, Powder-flasks, and Flints;
Toy-boxes with their whole Contents,
Shut-knives well stor'd with Instruments;
And Silver Fruit-knives, neatly made,
Ladies may pick a pretty Blade.
Smelling Bottles, Bottle Cafes,
Pencils, Pocket Looking Glafes.
Man peeps into a Looking Glaf,
But who can see an honest Face?
A hundred Folks, besides I. CRANE,
Have stretch'd their Necks, to look in vain.
Cricket-bats, Castors, Sugar-bows,
Dram Bottles, Desks, and Dominos.
Good Trade includes the best Events,
Cash down is King of Compliments.
Ear-rings, Puzzles, Spoons and Caddies,
Beads and Thimbles for the Ladies;
Tortoise-shell and Ivory Cafes,
Puffs, Powder Boxes, Necklaces.
Confidence, for Men in Trade to win,
Departs as Customers come in.
Neat Claps, and curious Trinkets here,
From petrificative Derbyshire.
On easy Terms can serve you quick,
With a good Box, or with a Stick;
Perplexing Jobs are done with Care,
Clocks put in safe and found Repair:
To Orders strict Attention paid,
Low Bows, and modest Charges made;
Employ's a Favour—he's a Friend
Who breaks his Watch for me to mend.
Canes, Silver Plate, and Mourning Rings,
Variety of Fancy Things,
Laid in as Fathion gives the Hint,
Too tedious to appear in Print.
What Goods in Order here arrang'd,
Are not approv'd, will be exchang'd;
Rap—Rap—you'll find I. CRANE at Hand,
Your humble Servant at Command.